

Roosevelt and Taft.
A correspondent of the New York Herald with the Presidential party notes that the attempt to boom Taft as the logical successor of President Roosevelt pales into insignificance in the presence of Roosevelt himself. The ovations the President is receiving, says this correspondent, "reveal the intensity of the desire of his party that he should be the candidate again, rather than that he should name his successor." Moreover, the Western tour is developing opposition to the White House programme of nominating Taft. There is something approaching an uprising among the close friends of the President against his policy of trying to nominate his successor. It is being made clear to Mr. Roosevelt that his plan is in imminent danger of ignominious failure, and that, as matters are going, Gov. Hughes is much more likely to be the nominee of the Republican convention than Taft. In order to escape defeat in the convention, the Herald correspondent thinks Mr. Roosevelt may be compelled to alter his determination not to accept another nomination at the hands of his party.
The observations of this correspondent confirm the opinion held all along by The Washington Herald that the Taft movement is forced and artificial, and that it will not stand for a moment on its own bottom. The popularity of the President is his chief asset; and now it turns out that Mr. Roosevelt is attempting an unpopular thing in undertaking to dictate to his party the nomination of a candidate. That plan is resented as impolitic and illogical. It has aroused in a few months an amount of factional animosity that must have surprised Mr. Roosevelt; wherever it is discussed, the question at once arises: If the Rooseveltian policy is to be continued, why not by Roosevelt himself? Why prefer the shadow to the substance, the echo to the voice? The Western people evidently have convictions on this subject that are now being brought home to Mr. Roosevelt personally. He is in the thick of the third-term sentiment. Even the Democrats, it is reported, show signs of having caught the Roosevelt mania.
Will Mr. Roosevelt return to Washington from his Western tour convinced that he will have either to repudiate his pledge to no more again, or permit the Republican national convention to nominate whomever it will? It is impossible to believe that he will come back without having had his resolution not to become a candidate severely shaken by the professions of his enthusiastic Western devotees.
It is going to be a hard matter for Keokuk to shrink down to normal proportions again.
As to Expatriation.
Warren E. Schutt, the former Cornell student who secured a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, has decided to expatriate himself. He will leave his home and his parents, and give up the position of secretary to President Schurman, of the Ithaca college, to which he was appointed last spring, in order to be able to spend the remainder of his life in the British Isles. His reason is one that would afford an excellent excuse for many a step of the gravest import, and most people doubtless will conclude that it completely justifies young Mr. Schutt's self-imposed exile. That reason is nothing more or less than his love for his wife, a condition of his recent marriage to the daughter of an Englishman being that he make his home in England.
We mention this case because of the contrast it presents to that of the decadent individual responsible for the article captioned "Our Expatriates," which appeared in last week's issue of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. This delectable person, hiding behind the cloak of anonymity, as such a creature naturally would, pours out some three or four thousand words of abuse of America and the American people—abuse of so extreme a type as to be far more offensive than any criticism of us by a foreigner which has ever come to the notice of this newspaper. He was born and reared in America, of American parents, this fellow who is too timid to back with his name the strictures on this country, magazine, we regret to say, an American magazine has the bad judgment and worse taste to print. But he is abroad, and is almost nauseated by the necessity of returning here occasionally. He was not induced to become an expatriate by any such compelling circumstance as influenced young Schutt. He left his native land and became a resident of Europe because he found Europe more desirable—or affected to find it so; because we of America are crude, low, vulgar, unrefined, impolitic, outspoken, inartistic, grasping, dull; because we, even the richest of us, have no more sense than to work, in one way or another, and because we do not admire the idler. If this pusillanimous assailant of a great nation and every adjective in the dictionary that lends itself to the purposes of vituperation, we have erred in our survey of his article. He becomes positively rabid when he screams at us because we have a natural and healthy contempt for any American who voluntarily becomes an expatriate. The American daily press, which expresses that contempt, is, according to this person who prefers to be a worthless, "Euro-peanized American" idler rather than a

decent, respectable, useful American citizen, is "the lowest substratum of society" in the United States. And President Roosevelt is placed in this same substratum, because he, too—being about as good an American as we could name at the present time—despises the unpatriotic man or woman who affects to prefer other countries to their native United States, and who acts accordingly. Moreover, says the pygmy who is so annoyed by these facts, "you will find . . . that his (the President's) and the newspapers' views are those of ninety-nine one-hundredths of your population." This, so far as we have been able to discover, is the only truthful and accurate statement in the whole article.
We thank the good Lord that practically all of the American people—more than ninety-nine one-hundredths, we think—are in line with Mr. Roosevelt and the press. To those who agree with the Saturday Evening Post publication—a publication which can not be excused on any ground, despite the disclaimer of responsibility at the head of the article, made with all the vigor and decision of a man walking on eggs—we beg to suggest that there are many sterner lines to Europe, and that rates are unusually low just now.
A Mr. Looser is running for office in Pennsylvania. He must be a Democrat.
Naval Expansion.
The naval expansion policy, to which we now appear to be committed daily, grows in grace and favor. It doesn't grow gradually unfold. "We should have more war ships or cut trying to be a sea power," is the ultimatum of Admiral Evans, who is the probable commander-in-chief of a fleet that will comprise, all told, thirty-two armored ships. Not enough by half for the mastery of both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, as any landlubber must admit.
That doubtful sea-dog, Secretary McCall, is a naval expansionist of high degree, as everybody now knows. Some one ventured the other day to suggest that possibly Congress might be willing to authorize the construction of new battle ships. "Four would be better," was the Secretary's quick response. Six would be better, and a dozen would be twice better. Why haggle over small numbers?
Away with the antiquated notion that one battle ship a year is sufficient to recruit the naval power of a nation whose shores, as we have but recently discovered, are washed by two mighty oceans.
Already we hear the great Middle West saying: "Give us our waterway to the Gulf, and you may have your battle ships!"
Senator Platt "accuses" Gov. Hughes of trying to build up "new Republican machines in New York." If only he didn't have to marry the thing attached!
Since the Bryan and Roger Sullivan forces have buried the hot net in Illinois, it will not do to go to the extreme of saying again that it is impossible for Democrats to get together.
The New York Mail calls it a "grand-odorous" note that the fact that the Houston Post vociferously declares it is a capital place.
A poet in the Macon Telegraph calls upon Georgians to "Join the Grin Club." Perhaps that might do for the time being, but the average Grin will prefer one of those new-fangled "locker clubs" after January 1.
The Presidential Delusion.
From the Philadelphia North American.
President Roosevelt is still under the delusion that the great corporations should be amenable to law, like common folks. No wonder the confidence of the country has been destroyed by such obstinacy.
Filling the Pigskin.
From the Houston Post.
Size your boy up well before you fill him with an expensive education. In some countries the finest of wines is kept in a pigskin, and in spite of that fact, it is never anything but a pigskin.
A Hint for Every Head.
From the Philadelphia North American.
Great as the authority of the Executive is under our form of government, it has its limitations. As Mr. Foraker suggests, one of the most important of these is public opinion, and another is the co-ordinate authority of Congress and the judiciary. Yet much current comment on Mr. Roosevelt's legislative and other proposals seems to take it for granted that he can override these formidable barriers to the successful prosecution of any course of action. It appears to be assumed that his resolution is equivalent to execution. That is true enough in matters of executive duty, but even there the most strenuous Executive would hesitate to take action, however clear his right to do so, if he felt that it would incur the disapproval of the country. When the President enters the field of legislative discussion, he is upon wholly different ground. He may propose, he may argue, he may even threaten, but he cannot enact law. The most he can do is to create a popular sentiment that may force from an unwilling Congress the legislation he desires. If by so doing he misleads the country into the adoption of measures that are wrong, the people cannot altogether escape responsibility, for it was within their power to withhold approval. It may be admitted that much of the fight diligently cultivated in Wall street has been to originate ostensibly to Mr. Roosevelt's prestige in asserting his purpose to enforce certain statutes forbidding wrongful business operations. The President, of course, is on his own ground here. His duty it is to enforce the laws. He may do so rigorously or leniently, or he may neglect his duty altogether. Mr. Roosevelt having determined on his course some time ago, it is rather queer that every time he secures shivers should run up and down our financial spinal column. It is about time that Senator Foraker says, that such foolishness should be frowned upon. Mr. Foraker attributes much of it to the President's enemies, whose undoubtedly most of it arises. There would be less of it if people would reflect that the President, after all, is but the chief officer in a constitutional republic, that his opportunity for doing harm is less extensive than his critics would have us believe, and that his career is normally brief, unless the people will otherwise.

A Chicago man declares he saw 29 women "on a list" recently. Doubtless the truth of this matter is that it was the same woman all of the time and the man who was on the jag.
The effort to fasten the ordering of those cocktails upon the Charleston News and Courier is absurd, in view of the fact that somebody else got them.
When Mr. Taft was presented to the Mikado he was provided with two chairs in which to seat himself, according to the Baltimore Sun. Really, his majesty should

not take our jokes too seriously—unless, indeed, he was merely trying to get them one better.
The New York Times thinks the cocktail incident is no wise affected the Fairbanks boom. Is this a knock or a boost?
That Denver man who set the fashion of marrying his mother-in-law isn't likely to set it develop into a fad.
"There is nothing wrong in dancing alone," says Rev. Dr. Clarke. Not even this "Salome" business, doctor?
The Atlanta Georgian nominates the editor of a prominent Southern newspaper for the Presidency. Now, then, Col. Graves is getting around to something like it. As a general rule, we are for all editors for anything they want.
Secretary Taft insists that we shall have no war with Japan; while the New York Sun insists that we shall. Our money is on Taft.
Japan should understand, of course, that while it is a pretty big Bill we presented his majesty, it isn't a bill for damages.
One consoling thought in connection with a Cuban revolution is that we have a man on the lid down there who may be depended upon invariably to send out a squad of policemen and to arrest him before he revolts to hurt.
Even a deceased wife's sister is now able to set at least one redeeming feature in the make-up of the Bishop of London.
At the present price of things, we fear that forthcoming dollar dinner will consist principally of near-soup and almost-cheese, filled in between with aching voids.
Nothing stronger than soda pop is served on that Mississippi steamboat conveying the President, so it is said. That is what you might term a sure enough water-wagon trip.
A scientist has discovered a method whereby alcohol may be extracted from turnips. Who knows but that blood may be extracted from that vegetable eventually, despite the old adage?
If Mr. Roosevelt becomes an editor, he will soon grow to be a plutocrat of the plutocrats, provided he elects to be paid as a space writer.
"There are no automobiles in heaven," says a minister. This will be as much of a recommendation as heaven needs with a number of people.
If we were a Louisiana bear just now, we should promptly jump our job.
It makes us very happy to furnish the Jackson (Miss.) News with a large section of its editorial paragraphs, even though we do fail to get the credit for it.
"Another American girl is to marry a title," says the Chicago Post. If only she didn't have to marry the thing attached!

Since the Bryan and Roger Sullivan forces have buried the hot net in Illinois, it will not do to go to the extreme of saying again that it is impossible for Democrats to get together.
The New York Mail calls it a "grand-odorous" note that the fact that the Houston Post vociferously declares it is a capital place.
A poet in the Macon Telegraph calls upon Georgians to "Join the Grin Club." Perhaps that might do for the time being, but the average Grin will prefer one of those new-fangled "locker clubs" after January 1.
The Presidential Delusion.
From the Philadelphia North American.
President Roosevelt is still under the delusion that the great corporations should be amenable to law, like common folks. No wonder the confidence of the country has been destroyed by such obstinacy.
Filling the Pigskin.
From the Houston Post.
Size your boy up well before you fill him with an expensive education. In some countries the finest of wines is kept in a pigskin, and in spite of that fact, it is never anything but a pigskin.
A Hint for Every Head.
From the Philadelphia North American.
Great as the authority of the Executive is under our form of government, it has its limitations. As Mr. Foraker suggests, one of the most important of these is public opinion, and another is the co-ordinate authority of Congress and the judiciary. Yet much current comment on Mr. Roosevelt's legislative and other proposals seems to take it for granted that he can override these formidable barriers to the successful prosecution of any course of action. It appears to be assumed that his resolution is equivalent to execution. That is true enough in matters of executive duty, but even there the most strenuous Executive would hesitate to take action, however clear his right to do so, if he felt that it would incur the disapproval of the country. When the President enters the field of legislative discussion, he is upon wholly different ground. He may propose, he may argue, he may even threaten, but he cannot enact law. The most he can do is to create a popular sentiment that may force from an unwilling Congress the legislation he desires. If by so doing he misleads the country into the adoption of measures that are wrong, the people cannot altogether escape responsibility, for it was within their power to withhold approval. It may be admitted that much of the fight diligently cultivated in Wall street has been to originate ostensibly to Mr. Roosevelt's prestige in asserting his purpose to enforce certain statutes forbidding wrongful business operations. The President, of course, is on his own ground here. His duty it is to enforce the laws. He may do so rigorously or leniently, or he may neglect his duty altogether. Mr. Roosevelt having determined on his course some time ago, it is rather queer that every time he secures shivers should run up and down our financial spinal column. It is about time that Senator Foraker says, that such foolishness should be frowned upon. Mr. Foraker attributes much of it to the President's enemies, whose undoubtedly most of it arises. There would be less of it if people would reflect that the President, after all, is but the chief officer in a constitutional republic, that his opportunity for doing harm is less extensive than his critics would have us believe, and that his career is normally brief, unless the people will otherwise.

A Chicago man declares he saw 29 women "on a list" recently. Doubtless the truth of this matter is that it was the same woman all of the time and the man who was on the jag.
The effort to fasten the ordering of those cocktails upon the Charleston News and Courier is absurd, in view of the fact that somebody else got them.
When Mr. Taft was presented to the Mikado he was provided with two chairs in which to seat himself, according to the Baltimore Sun. Really, his majesty should

not take our jokes too seriously—unless, indeed, he was merely trying to get them one better.
The New York Times thinks the cocktail incident is no wise affected the Fairbanks boom. Is this a knock or a boost?
That Denver man who set the fashion of marrying his mother-in-law isn't likely to set it develop into a fad.
"There is nothing wrong in dancing alone," says Rev. Dr. Clarke. Not even this "Salome" business, doctor?
The Atlanta Georgian nominates the editor of a prominent Southern newspaper for the Presidency. Now, then, Col. Graves is getting around to something like it. As a general rule, we are for all editors for anything they want.
Secretary Taft insists that we shall have no war with Japan; while the New York Sun insists that we shall. Our money is on Taft.
Japan should understand, of course, that while it is a pretty big Bill we presented his majesty, it isn't a bill for damages.
One consoling thought in connection with a Cuban revolution is that we have a man on the lid down there who may be depended upon invariably to send out a squad of policemen and to arrest him before he revolts to hurt.
Even a deceased wife's sister is now able to set at least one redeeming feature in the make-up of the Bishop of London.
At the present price of things, we fear that forthcoming dollar dinner will consist principally of near-soup and almost-cheese, filled in between with aching voids.
Nothing stronger than soda pop is served on that Mississippi steamboat conveying the President, so it is said. That is what you might term a sure enough water-wagon trip.
A scientist has discovered a method whereby alcohol may be extracted from turnips. Who knows but that blood may be extracted from that vegetable eventually, despite the old adage?
If Mr. Roosevelt becomes an editor, he will soon grow to be a plutocrat of the plutocrats, provided he elects to be paid as a space writer.
"There are no automobiles in heaven," says a minister. This will be as much of a recommendation as heaven needs with a number of people.
If we were a Louisiana bear just now, we should promptly jump our job.
It makes us very happy to furnish the Jackson (Miss.) News with a large section of its editorial paragraphs, even though we do fail to get the credit for it.
"Another American girl is to marry a title," says the Chicago Post. If only she didn't have to marry the thing attached!

Since the Bryan and Roger Sullivan forces have buried the hot net in Illinois, it will not do to go to the extreme of saying again that it is impossible for Democrats to get together.
The New York Mail calls it a "grand-odorous" note that the fact that the Houston Post vociferously declares it is a capital place.
A poet in the Macon Telegraph calls upon Georgians to "Join the Grin Club." Perhaps that might do for the time being, but the average Grin will prefer one of those new-fangled "locker clubs" after January 1.
The Presidential Delusion.
From the Philadelphia North American.
President Roosevelt is still under the delusion that the great corporations should be amenable to law, like common folks. No wonder the confidence of the country has been destroyed by such obstinacy.
Filling the Pigskin.
From the Houston Post.
Size your boy up well before you fill him with an expensive education. In some countries the finest of wines is kept in a pigskin, and in spite of that fact, it is never anything but a pigskin.
A Hint for Every Head.
From the Philadelphia North American.
Great as the authority of the Executive is under our form of government, it has its limitations. As Mr. Foraker suggests, one of the most important of these is public opinion, and another is the co-ordinate authority of Congress and the judiciary. Yet much current comment on Mr. Roosevelt's legislative and other proposals seems to take it for granted that he can override these formidable barriers to the successful prosecution of any course of action. It appears to be assumed that his resolution is equivalent to execution. That is true enough in matters of executive duty, but even there the most strenuous Executive would hesitate to take action, however clear his right to do so, if he felt that it would incur the disapproval of the country. When the President enters the field of legislative discussion, he is upon wholly different ground. He may propose, he may argue, he may even threaten, but he cannot enact law. The most he can do is to create a popular sentiment that may force from an unwilling Congress the legislation he desires. If by so doing he misleads the country into the adoption of measures that are wrong, the people cannot altogether escape responsibility, for it was within their power to withhold approval. It may be admitted that much of the fight diligently cultivated in Wall street has been to originate ostensibly to Mr. Roosevelt's prestige in asserting his purpose to enforce certain statutes forbidding wrongful business operations. The President, of course, is on his own ground here. His duty it is to enforce the laws. He may do so rigorously or leniently, or he may neglect his duty altogether. Mr. Roosevelt having determined on his course some time ago, it is rather queer that every time he secures shivers should run up and down our financial spinal column. It is about time that Senator Foraker says, that such foolishness should be frowned upon. Mr. Foraker attributes much of it to the President's enemies, whose undoubtedly most of it arises. There would be less of it if people would reflect that the President, after all, is but the chief officer in a constitutional republic, that his opportunity for doing harm is less extensive than his critics would have us believe, and that his career is normally brief, unless the people will otherwise.

A Chicago man declares he saw 29 women "on a list" recently. Doubtless the truth of this matter is that it was the same woman all of the time and the man who was on the jag.
The effort to fasten the ordering of those cocktails upon the Charleston News and Courier is absurd, in view of the fact that somebody else got them.
When Mr. Taft was presented to the Mikado he was provided with two chairs in which to seat himself, according to the Baltimore Sun. Really, his majesty should

not take our jokes too seriously—unless, indeed, he was merely trying to get them one better.
The New York Times thinks the cocktail incident is no wise affected the Fairbanks boom. Is this a knock or a boost?
That Denver man who set the fashion of marrying his mother-in-law isn't likely to set it develop into a fad.
"There is nothing wrong in dancing alone," says Rev. Dr. Clarke. Not even this "Salome" business, doctor?
The Atlanta Georgian nominates the editor of a prominent Southern newspaper for the Presidency. Now, then, Col. Graves is getting around to something like it. As a general rule, we are for all editors for anything they want.
Secretary Taft insists that we shall have no war with Japan; while the New York Sun insists that we shall. Our money is on Taft.
Japan should understand, of course, that while it is a pretty big Bill we presented his majesty, it isn't a bill for damages.
One consoling thought in connection with a Cuban revolution is that we have a man on the lid down there who may be depended upon invariably to send out a squad of policemen and to arrest him before he revolts to hurt.
Even a deceased wife's sister is now able to set at least one redeeming feature in the make-up of the Bishop of London.
At the present price of things, we fear that forthcoming dollar dinner will consist principally of near-soup and almost-cheese, filled in between with aching voids.
Nothing stronger than soda pop is served on that Mississippi steamboat conveying the President, so it is said. That is what you might term a sure enough water-wagon trip.
A scientist has discovered a method whereby alcohol may be extracted from turnips. Who knows but that blood may be extracted from that vegetable eventually, despite the old adage?
If Mr. Roosevelt becomes an editor, he will soon grow to be a plutocrat of the plutocrats, provided he elects to be paid as a space writer.
"There are no automobiles in heaven," says a minister. This will be as much of a recommendation as heaven needs with a number of people.
If we were a Louisiana bear just now, we should promptly jump our job.
It makes us very happy to furnish the Jackson (Miss.) News with a large section of its editorial paragraphs, even though we do fail to get the credit for it.
"Another American girl is to marry a title," says the Chicago Post. If only she didn't have to marry the thing attached!

Since the Bryan and Roger Sullivan forces have buried the hot net in Illinois, it will not do to go to the extreme of saying again that it is impossible for Democrats to get together.
The New York Mail calls it a "grand-odorous" note that the fact that the Houston Post vociferously declares it is a capital place.
A poet in the Macon Telegraph calls upon Georgians to "Join the Grin Club." Perhaps that might do for the time being, but the average Grin will prefer one of those new-fangled "locker clubs" after January 1.
The Presidential Delusion.
From the Philadelphia North American.
President Roosevelt is still under the delusion that the great corporations should be amenable to law, like common folks. No wonder the confidence of the country has been destroyed by such obstinacy.
Filling the Pigskin.
From the Houston Post.
Size your boy up well before you fill him with an expensive education. In some countries the finest of wines is kept in a pigskin, and in spite of that fact, it is never anything but a pigskin.
A Hint for Every Head.
From the Philadelphia North American.
Great as the authority of the Executive is under our form of government, it has its limitations. As Mr. Foraker suggests, one of the most important of these is public opinion, and another is the co-ordinate authority of Congress and the judiciary. Yet much current comment on Mr. Roosevelt's legislative and other proposals seems to take it for granted that he can override these formidable barriers to the successful prosecution of any course of action. It appears to be assumed that his resolution is equivalent to execution. That is true enough in matters of executive duty, but even there the most strenuous Executive would hesitate to take action, however clear his right to do so, if he felt that it would incur the disapproval of the country. When the President enters the field of legislative discussion, he is upon wholly different ground. He may propose, he may argue, he may even threaten, but he cannot enact law. The most he can do is to create a popular sentiment that may force from an unwilling Congress the legislation he desires. If by so doing he misleads the country into the adoption of measures that are wrong, the people cannot altogether escape responsibility, for it was within their power to withhold approval. It may be admitted that much of the fight diligently cultivated in Wall street has been to originate ostensibly to Mr. Roosevelt's prestige in asserting his purpose to enforce certain statutes forbidding wrongful business operations. The President, of course, is on his own ground here. His duty it is to enforce the laws. He may do so rigorously or leniently, or he may neglect his duty altogether. Mr. Roosevelt having determined on his course some time ago, it is rather queer that every time he secures shivers should run up and down our financial spinal column. It is about time that Senator Foraker says, that such foolishness should be frowned upon. Mr. Foraker attributes much of it to the President's enemies, whose undoubtedly most of it arises. There would be less of it if people would reflect that the President, after all, is but the chief officer in a constitutional republic, that his opportunity for doing harm is less extensive than his critics would have us believe, and that his career is normally brief, unless the people will otherwise.

A Chicago man declares he saw 29 women "on a list" recently. Doubtless the truth of this matter is that it was the same woman all of the time and the man who was on the jag.
The effort to fasten the ordering of those cocktails upon the Charleston News and Courier is absurd, in view of the fact that somebody else got them.
When Mr. Taft was presented to the Mikado he was provided with two chairs in which to seat himself, according to the Baltimore Sun. Really, his majesty should

not take our jokes too seriously—unless, indeed, he was merely trying to get them one better.
The New York Times thinks the cocktail incident is no wise affected the Fairbanks boom. Is this a knock or a boost?
That Denver man who set the fashion of marrying his mother-in-law isn't likely to set it develop into a fad.
"There is nothing wrong in dancing alone," says Rev. Dr. Clarke. Not even this "Salome" business, doctor?
The Atlanta Georgian nominates the editor of a prominent Southern newspaper for the Presidency. Now, then, Col. Graves is getting around to something like it. As a general rule, we are for all editors for anything they want.
Secretary Taft insists that we shall have no war with Japan; while the New York Sun insists that we shall. Our money is on Taft.
Japan should understand, of course, that while it is a pretty big Bill we presented his majesty, it isn't a bill for damages.
One consoling thought in connection with a Cuban revolution is that we have a man on the lid down there who may be depended upon invariably to send out a squad of policemen and to arrest him before he revolts to hurt.
Even a deceased wife's sister is now able to set at least one redeeming feature in the make-up of the Bishop of London.
At the present price of things, we fear that forthcoming dollar dinner will consist principally of near-soup and almost-cheese, filled in between with aching voids.
Nothing stronger than soda pop is served on that Mississippi steamboat conveying the President, so it is said. That is what you might term a sure enough water-wagon trip.
A scientist has discovered a method whereby alcohol may be extracted from turnips. Who knows but that blood may be extracted from that vegetable eventually, despite the old adage?
If Mr. Roosevelt becomes an editor, he will soon grow to be a plutocrat of the plutocrats, provided he elects to be paid as a space writer.
"There are no automobiles in heaven," says a minister. This will be as much of a recommendation as heaven needs with a number of people.
If we were a Louisiana bear just now, we should promptly jump our job.
It makes us very happy to furnish the Jackson (Miss.) News with a large section of its editorial paragraphs, even though we do fail to get the credit for it.
"Another American girl is to marry a title," says the Chicago Post. If only she didn't have to marry the thing attached!

Since the Bryan and Roger Sullivan forces have buried the hot net in Illinois, it will not do to go to the extreme of saying again that it is impossible for Democrats to get together.
The New York Mail calls it a "grand-odorous" note that the fact that the Houston Post vociferously declares it is a capital place.
A poet in the Macon Telegraph calls upon Georgians to "Join the Grin Club." Perhaps that might do for the time being, but the average Grin will prefer one of those new-fangled "locker clubs" after January 1.
The Presidential Delusion.
From the Philadelphia North American.
President Roosevelt is still under the delusion that the great corporations should be amenable to law, like common folks. No wonder the confidence of the country has been destroyed by such obstinacy.
Filling the Pigskin.
From the Houston Post.
Size your boy up well before you fill him with an expensive education. In some countries the finest of wines is kept in a pigskin, and in spite of that fact, it is never anything but a pigskin.
A Hint for Every Head.
From the Philadelphia North American.
Great as the authority of the Executive is under our form of government, it has its limitations. As Mr. Foraker suggests, one of the most important of these is public opinion, and another is the co-ordinate authority of Congress and the judiciary. Yet much current comment on Mr. Roosevelt's legislative and other proposals seems to take it for granted that he can override these formidable barriers to the successful prosecution of any course of action. It appears to be assumed that his resolution is equivalent to execution. That is true enough in matters of executive duty, but even there the most strenuous Executive would hesitate to take action, however clear his right to do so, if he felt that it would incur the disapproval of the country. When the President enters the field of legislative discussion, he is upon wholly different ground. He may propose, he may argue, he may even threaten, but he cannot enact law. The most he can do is to create a popular sentiment that may force from an unwilling Congress the legislation he desires. If by so doing he misleads the country into the adoption of measures that are wrong, the people cannot altogether escape responsibility, for it was within their power to withhold approval. It may be admitted that much of the fight diligently cultivated in Wall street has been to originate ostensibly to Mr. Roosevelt's prestige in asserting his purpose to enforce certain statutes forbidding wrongful business operations. The President, of course, is on his own ground here. His duty it is to enforce the laws. He may do so rigorously or leniently, or he may neglect his duty altogether. Mr. Roosevelt having determined on his course some time ago, it is rather queer that every time he secures shivers should run up and down our financial spinal column. It is about time that Senator Foraker says, that such foolishness should be frowned upon. Mr. Foraker attributes much of it to the President's enemies, whose undoubtedly most of it arises. There would be less of it if people would reflect that the President, after all, is but the chief officer in a constitutional republic, that his opportunity for doing harm is less extensive than his critics would have us believe, and that his career is normally brief, unless the people will otherwise.

A Chicago man declares he saw 29 women "on a list" recently. Doubtless the truth of this matter is that it was the same woman all of the time and the man who was on the jag.
The effort to fasten the ordering of those cocktails upon the Charleston News and Courier is absurd, in view of the fact that somebody else got them.
When Mr. Taft was presented to the Mikado he was provided with two chairs in which to seat himself, according to the Baltimore Sun. Really, his majesty should

not take our jokes too seriously—unless, indeed, he was merely trying to get them one better.
The New York Times thinks the cocktail incident is no wise affected the Fairbanks boom. Is this a knock or a boost?
That Denver man who set the fashion of marrying his mother-in-law isn't likely to set it develop into a fad.
"There is nothing wrong in dancing alone," says Rev. Dr. Clarke. Not even this "Salome" business, doctor?
The Atlanta Georgian nominates the editor of a prominent Southern newspaper for the Presidency. Now, then, Col. Graves is getting around to something like it. As a general rule, we are for all editors for anything they want.
Secretary Taft insists that we shall have no war with Japan; while the New York Sun insists that we shall. Our money is on Taft.
Japan should understand, of course, that while it is a pretty big Bill we presented his majesty, it isn't a bill for damages.
One consoling thought in connection with a Cuban revolution is that we have a man on the lid down there who may be depended upon invariably to send out a squad of policemen and to arrest him before he revolts to hurt.
Even a deceased wife's sister is now able to set at least one redeeming feature in the make-up of the Bishop of London.
At the present price of things, we fear that forthcoming dollar dinner will consist principally of near-soup and almost-cheese, filled in between with aching voids.
Nothing stronger than soda pop is served on that Mississippi steamboat conveying the President, so it is said. That is what you might term a sure enough water-wagon trip.
A scientist has discovered a method whereby alcohol may be extracted from turnips. Who knows but that blood may be extracted from that vegetable eventually, despite the old adage?
If Mr. Roosevelt becomes an editor, he will soon grow to be a plutocrat of the plutocrats, provided he elects to be paid as a space writer.
"There are no automobiles in heaven," says a minister. This will be as much of a recommendation as heaven needs with a number of people.
If we were a Louisiana bear just now, we should promptly jump our job.
It makes us very happy to furnish the Jackson (Miss.) News with a large section of its editorial paragraphs, even though we do fail to get the credit for it.
"Another American girl is to marry a title," says the Chicago Post. If only she didn't have to marry the thing attached!

Since the Bryan and Roger Sullivan forces have buried the hot net in Illinois, it will not do to go to the extreme of saying again that it is impossible for Democrats to get together.
The New York Mail calls it a "grand-odorous" note that the fact that the Houston Post vociferously declares it is a capital place.
A poet in the Macon Telegraph calls upon Georgians to "Join the Grin Club." Perhaps that might do for the time being, but the average Grin will prefer one of those new-fangled "locker clubs" after January 1.
The Presidential Delusion.
From the Philadelphia North American.
President Roosevelt is still under the delusion that the great corporations should be amenable to law, like common folks. No wonder the confidence of the country has been destroyed by such obstinacy.
Filling the Pigskin.
From the Houston Post.
Size your boy up well before you fill him with an expensive education. In some countries the finest of wines is kept in a pigskin, and in spite of that fact, it is never anything but a pigskin.
A Hint for Every Head.
From the Philadelphia North American.
Great as the authority of the Executive is under our form of government, it has its limitations. As Mr. Foraker suggests, one of the most important of these is public opinion, and another is the co-ordinate authority of Congress and the judiciary. Yet much current comment on Mr. Roosevelt's legislative and other proposals seems to take it for granted that he can override these formidable barriers to the successful prosecution of any course of action. It appears to be assumed that his resolution is equivalent to execution. That is true enough in matters of executive duty, but even there the most strenuous Executive would hesitate to take action, however clear his right to do so, if he felt that it would incur the disapproval of the country. When the President enters the field of legislative discussion, he is upon wholly different ground. He may propose, he may argue, he may even threaten, but he cannot enact law. The most he can do is to create a popular sentiment that may force from an unwilling Congress the legislation he desires. If by so doing he misleads the country into the adoption of measures that are wrong, the people cannot altogether escape responsibility, for it was within their power to withhold approval. It may be admitted that much of the fight diligently cultivated in Wall street has been to originate ostensibly to Mr. Roosevelt's prestige in asserting his purpose to enforce certain statutes forbidding wrongful business operations. The President, of course, is on his own ground here. His duty it is to enforce the laws. He may do so rigorously or leniently, or he may neglect his duty altogether. Mr. Roosevelt having determined on his course some time ago, it is rather queer that every time he secures shivers should run up and down our financial spinal column. It is about time that Senator Foraker says, that such foolishness should be frowned upon. Mr. Foraker attributes much of it to the President's enemies, whose undoubtedly most of it arises. There would be less of it if people would reflect that the President, after all, is but the chief officer in a constitutional republic, that his opportunity for doing harm is less extensive than his critics would have us believe, and that his career is normally brief, unless the people will otherwise.

A Chicago man declares he saw 29 women "on a list" recently. Doubtless the truth of this matter is that it was the same woman all of the time and the man who was on the jag.
The effort to fasten the ordering of those cocktails upon the Charleston News and Courier is absurd, in view of the fact that somebody else got them.
When Mr. Taft was presented to the Mikado he was provided with two chairs in which to seat himself, according to the Baltimore Sun. Really, his majesty should

not take our jokes too seriously—unless, indeed, he was merely trying to get them one better.
The New York Times thinks the cocktail incident is no wise affected the Fairbanks boom. Is this a knock or a boost?
That Denver man who set the fashion of marrying his mother-in-law isn't likely to set it develop into a fad.
"There is nothing wrong in dancing alone," says Rev. Dr. Clarke. Not even this "Salome" business, doctor?
The Atlanta Georgian nominates the editor of a prominent Southern newspaper for the Presidency. Now, then, Col. Graves is getting around to something like it. As a general rule, we are for all editors for anything they want.
Secretary Taft insists that we shall have no war with Japan; while the New York Sun insists that we shall. Our money is on Taft.
Japan should understand, of course, that while it is a pretty big Bill we presented his majesty, it isn't a bill for damages.
One consoling thought in connection with a Cuban revolution is that we have a man on the lid down there who may be depended upon invariably to send out a squad of policemen and to arrest him before he revolts to hurt.
Even a deceased wife's sister is now able to set at least one redeeming feature in the make-up of the Bishop of London.
At the present price of things, we fear that forthcoming dollar dinner will consist principally of near-soup and almost-cheese, filled in between with aching voids.
Nothing stronger than soda pop is served on that Mississippi steamboat conveying the President, so it is said. That is what you might term a sure enough water-wagon trip.
A scientist has discovered a method whereby alcohol may be extracted from turnips. Who knows but that blood may be extracted from that vegetable eventually, despite the old adage?
If Mr. Roosevelt becomes an editor, he will soon grow to be a plutocrat of the plutocrats, provided he elects to be paid as a space writer.
"There are no automobiles in heaven," says a minister. This will be as much of a recommendation as heaven needs with a number of people.
If we were a Louisiana bear just now, we should promptly jump our job.
It makes us very happy to furnish the Jackson (Miss.) News with a large section of its editorial paragraphs, even though we do fail to get the credit for it.
"Another American girl is to marry a title," says the Chicago Post. If only she didn't have to marry the thing attached!

Since the Bryan and Roger Sullivan forces have buried the hot net in Illinois, it will not do to go to the extreme of saying again that it is impossible for Democrats to get together.
The New York Mail calls it a "grand-odorous" note that the fact that the Houston Post vociferously declares it is a capital place.
A poet in the Macon Telegraph calls upon Georgians to "Join the Grin Club." Perhaps that might do for the time being, but the average Grin will prefer one of those new-fangled "locker clubs" after January 1.
The Presidential Delusion.
From the Philadelphia North American.
President Roosevelt is still under the delusion that the great corporations should be amenable to law, like common folks. No wonder the confidence of the country has been destroyed by such obstinacy.
Filling the Pigskin.
From the Houston Post.
Size your boy up well before you fill him with an expensive education. In some countries the finest of wines is kept in a pigskin, and in spite of that fact, it is never anything but a pigskin.
A Hint for Every Head.
From the Philadelphia North American.
Great as the authority of the Executive is under our form of government, it has its limitations. As Mr. Foraker suggests, one of the most important of these is public opinion, and another is the co-ordinate authority of Congress and the judiciary. Yet much current comment on Mr. Roosevelt's legislative and other proposals seems to take it for granted that he can override these formidable barriers to the successful prosecution of any course of action. It appears to be assumed that his resolution is equivalent to execution. That is true enough in matters of executive duty, but even there the most strenuous Executive would hesitate to take action, however clear his right to do so, if he felt that it would incur the disapproval of the country. When the President enters the field of legislative discussion, he is upon wholly different ground. He may propose, he may argue, he may even threaten, but he cannot enact law. The most he can do is to create a popular sentiment that may force from an unwilling Congress the legislation he desires. If by so doing he misleads the country into the adoption of measures that are wrong, the people cannot altogether escape responsibility, for it was within their power to withhold approval. It may be admitted that much of the fight diligently cultivated in Wall street has been to originate ostensibly to Mr. Roosevelt's prestige in asserting his purpose to enforce certain statutes forbidding wrongful business operations. The President, of course, is on his own ground here. His duty it is to enforce the laws. He may do so rigorously or leniently, or he may neglect his duty altogether. Mr. Roosevelt having determined on his course some time ago, it is rather queer that every time he secures shivers should run up and down our financial spinal column. It is about time that Senator Foraker says, that such foolishness should be frowned upon. Mr. Foraker attributes much of it to the President's enemies, whose undoubtedly most of it arises. There would be less of it if people would reflect that the President, after all, is but the chief officer in a constitutional republic, that his opportunity for doing harm is less extensive than his critics would have us believe, and that his career is normally brief, unless the people will otherwise.

A Chicago man declares he saw 29 women "on a list" recently. Doubtless the truth of this matter is that it was the same woman all of the time and the man who was on the jag.
The effort to fasten the ordering of those cocktails upon the Charleston News and Courier is absurd, in view of the fact that somebody else got them.
When Mr. Taft was presented to the Mikado he was provided with two chairs in which to seat himself, according to the Baltimore Sun. Really, his majesty should

A Chicago man declares he saw 29 women "on a list" recently. Doubtless the truth of this matter is that it was the same woman all of the time and the man who was on the jag.
The effort to fasten the ordering of those cocktails upon the Charleston News and Courier is absurd, in view of the fact that somebody else got them.
When Mr. Taft was presented to the Mikado he was provided with two chairs in which to seat himself, according to the Baltimore Sun. Really, his majesty should

not take our jokes too seriously—unless, indeed, he was merely trying to get them one better.
The New York Times thinks the cocktail incident is no wise affected the Fairbanks boom. Is this a knock or a boost?
That Denver man who set the fashion of marrying his mother-in-law isn't likely to set it develop into a fad.
"There is nothing wrong in dancing alone," says Rev. Dr. Clarke. Not even this "Salome" business, doctor?
The Atlanta Georgian nominates the editor of a prominent Southern newspaper for the Presidency. Now, then, Col. Graves is getting around to something like it. As a general rule, we are for all editors for anything they want.
Secretary Taft insists that we shall have no war with Japan; while the New York Sun insists that we shall. Our money is on Taft.
Japan should understand, of course, that while it is a pretty big Bill we presented his majesty, it isn't a bill for damages.
One consoling thought in connection with a Cuban revolution is that we have a man on the lid down there who may be depended upon invariably to send out a squad of policemen and to arrest him before he revolts to hurt.
Even a deceased wife's sister is now able to set at least one redeeming feature in the make-up of the Bishop of London.
At the present price of things, we fear that forthcoming dollar dinner will consist principally of near-soup and almost-cheese